

The Eagle

The house for fear of alarming the inmates. The officers left it a block away and approached on foot.

Two went to the rear of the building to intercept any of the boy burglars who might attempt to escape that way.

Simmons and the other officers banged on the front door, and loudly demanded admittance.

Not a sound came from the inside. The place was in total darkness, and the loud knocks echoed and re-echoed through the hallway without bringing a response.

"They're in their first sleep," said Denis, "and nothing short of Gabriel's trumpet will rouse them."

"Let's kick in the door," suggested his colleague, who was anxious to complete the job.

"All right," said Denis, "here goes." A vigorous kick made kindling wood of the door, and the two officers entered the house, pistol in hand, ready for any resistance on the part of the boy burglars.

The house had an empty ring, and Denis turned on his heel to start back in astonishment.

Not a vestige of furniture was to be seen on the lower floor. The upstairs rooms were equally bare. The birds had flown.

"This is the biggest thing of the year," said Denis, companion, sarcastically. Simmons lit his lip and said nothing. The officers in the rear of the house were called in. They laughed immoderately when they grasped the situation.

And all the way back to the Central station Denis was the target for ruthless jokes, which he received without a word, but continued biting his lower lip until the blood came.

He left his brother officers at the station and started out again in grim silence. Before daylight he had the burglars peddled located again. Mrs. Landgraaf, her son and Curly had moved to a brick house on Archer avenue, near the railway station; Herman and Mott were traced to a place on Brown street.

At 10 o'clock the lads were under lock and key at the Central station, and a wagon load of plunder, comprising furs from Mendelsohn's, books from Cobb's library, and guns, revolvers and cutlery from the hardware store of Williamson & Graves, was deposited in a room above their cells.

There was no more laughing at Denis Simmons, who had been on duty forty-eight hours and fulfilled his promise of making one of the most important captures of the year.

The lads seemed stupefied by their arrest. Young Landgraaf, who was addressed as "captain" by the others, was particularly cast down. He sat on the cot for several hours after he was placed in the cell staring at the wall with vacant eyes.

Next morning the expression of unutterable misery was still on his face. He turned to Simmons, who entered the cell with a substantial breakfast for him, and said, in a hollow voice:

"Mr. Simmons, will you do me a favor?" "Yes," answered Denis, promptly, "if it is anything in reason."

"Who was it gave us away?" The touch of anxiety in this query struck Simmons as peculiar. He did not reply immediately, and Landgraaf continued, still more anxiously:

"Tell me if it was a woman."

Simmons' mind reverted to the lady who furnished the clew about the motive. Thinking the lad had some strong motive in seeking this information, he answered that it was a woman.

"I thought so," said the boy gloomily, and then, brightening up suddenly: "Let Curly and the others come in; we may have something to tell you."

Curly, Mott and Herman were brought into the cell. The captain looked at them sadly and said:

"Boys, we gave you away."

"No," exclaimed the lads; "she'd never do that."

"It's true; Mr. Simmons says so," said Landgraaf, tears gathering in his eyes, and let the traitress take equal chances with us."

"This is getting decidedly interesting," said Denis to himself. "I wonder who she is, and what she has to do with these kids."

"Mr. Simmons," Landgraaf said, with an air of dignity which was rather amusing, "if you will kindly furnish me with pens, ink and paper I will draw up a statement about those robberies which will be of great service to you."

Denis readily complied with this request, after removing the others to their respective cells.

In an hour the statement was prepared, and an astonishing document it proved. It was a full confession of the long series of burglaries which had given the police so much trouble. But the most remarkable passages related to the connection of Lawyer Claypole and Mrs. Claypole with the gang.

Landgraaf told how himself and colleagues had been worked upon by this estimable couple, who had been in the habit of writing, and got us all in love with her. She promised to elope with me this summer, and I believe she was in earnest, for she said she didn't have it in her to elope with the old man. Claypole engineered the burglaries, and we acted under his instructions. He put up with street peddling for us, and we kept piles of stuff in the vault in his office, in Dearborn street. He didn't always do the square thing, but we were bamboozled by his wife, who promised everything to make matters run smooth and easy like.

"Now that she's squawled, we think it nothing but fair that we should tell all about the snap, so that she may get the same deal as we got. The Mendelsohn job was done for Mrs. Claypole. She wanted to get square with a fellow named Hadley, who had been saying rough things about her, and she started the yarn that he helped the Dutchman to rob himself. She took me to the store one day and gave me points about the lads that were best to take. She had a truck full of the stuff. We weren't so very bad before these Claypoles got about of us, only doing a little fake now and then while we were out peddling. This is all a true story, and we give it away so that it find in female form may be picked up and go down where she belongs, for dealing with poor boys who loved and lost her."

Simmons read this curious episode without any regard to the romance it contained. Claypole was known to him as a reputable lawyer, and he could scarcely believe the story of his connection with the gang.

He lost no time, however, in going to the office on Dearborn street. The lawyer had not been there that day. An inspection of the vault revealed a lot of plate, jewelry, furs, lace and other valuable property.

This was startling evidence of the law-

yer's close relations with the youthful gang of burglars. Simmons hurried to the building house on West Adams street to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Claypole had removed their trunks on the previous evening and left no address.

The most diligent inquiry failed to find traces of their whereabouts, and neither Mr. Claypole, nor his fascinating wife have been seen from that day to this.

The boys had a speedy trial. Their spirits were broken by the perfunctory conduct, as they supposed, of their "mother." Being under age they were sent to the Bridewell for eighteen months each.

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BILL NYE'S FURNACE.

His Touching Experience with a Coal Consumer.

Last year I had an experience with a furnace which ought to be embalmed in song. I only regret that I am not a suitable embalmer that I might attend to it myself. In the prime of summer time I engaged a coal dealer to deal me some coals at a low rate. By this means I saved enough on my coals to purchase a beautiful carpet to wear while sitting at table during the winter, so it was a wise move.

We had a reddish furnace and I tried to win its confidence and mold its career during the winter. First it had to be cleaned out thoroughly in the fall. Previous people had used it apparently as a retort for chemicals. I desired to avoid the expense of hiring a man to clean it out, as it was not what would be called skilled labor, and so I did it myself. By this means I saved \$2.50, to which I added \$47.50 for the purpose of purchasing a new suit of clothes to take the place of the one ruined by getting it full of ashes.

This furnace had two cut-offs, a jerker of a cold air flue, eleven dampers and a tape worm. I would go down at night and fill it full of coals, so the cold air flue, examine the steam gauge, also the crown sheet, dump the clinders and examine the rear damper. I would then retire. In the middle of the night the humidity in my room would warn me that all was not well with the furnace. I would go below in my simple wrap and find the furnace suffering from an overdraft. I then sought to reduce the temperature and fanned myself to sleep. In the morning the furnace was found to be extinct. This went on for a week or two. Then I asked the coachman to look after the furnace. I told him I would look after the horses and polish the brass if he would try to win the confidence of the furnace.

He resigned the second evening and left me with the burn and the refrigerator both on my hands. I then secured the services of a middle-aged girl, who said she used to run the Jay Gould furnace. I told her ours was the same. Jay and I always bought our furnaces at the same place.

She said she used to have two nights out while she was with the Goulds. I told her that she would be treated equally well by us. Her name was Loretta, and she did very well while on duty, but the great difficulty seemed to be that Loretta and the furnace both wanted to go out on the same nights.

I was her alternate with the furnace, and it made me mad to have Loretta absent when it was really my night out. I told her that she might run Jay Gould that way, but she couldn't run me. I declined to take care of the furnace while she was sleeping it off. I told Loretta that she had better go back to the Goulds.

She did so.

I then began again to steer the furnace through a tempestuous career. I excused myself while dukes and titled people were at our house, in order to go down and jerk the furnace. I even tore myself away from a mush and milk sociable with neighbors in order to go below and shovel coals upon the never ending appetite of this great bottomless pit.

And yet the basement was the only part of my house that was really warm. Up stairs I gradually froze, while I tried to seem genial and urbane. I was a fur overcoat up stairs while the patches were snowing in the cellar, and on the second floor the nurse and the governess were eating pemmican and waiting for a relief party. Gosh! flesh manifested itself on the exterior of those who sought to dress for a dinner party on the second floor, while in the attic my employees were eating blubber and hoping for professional relief.

This furnace also had a sound magnifier to it. Its sound magnified, as a matter of fact, worse than any other I had. When I excused myself to my pastor, seeking at the same time to convey the idea that I was leaving the room for the purpose of some examination, it annoyed my wife much to hear a smothered roar, a rattling and some loud and florid remarks in my well known tones come floating up through the register.

It was a good furnace for everything but heating purposes, and I have often thought that if they and the same style in ancient times the Hebrew children got a good deal better press notices than they deserved.—Bill Nye in New York World.

The Effort of Exercise. After the energetic orator had eloquently described the habits of the Australian kangaroo, the first living specimen of which species was shown on exhibition, an open mouthed countryman inquired:

"What makes his hind legs so much bigger than his fore legs, mister?"

"Because he exercises more on them, sir," explained the orator, indulgently.—New York Sun.

One Thing Lacking. At a recent exhibition of paintings a lady and her son were regarding with much interest a picture which the catalogue designated as "Luther at the Diet of Worms." Having descended at some length upon the merits of the picture, the boy remarked to his mother: "Mother, I see Luther and the table, but where are the worms?"

Confused. A man who subscribed to The News for three months writes: "I want to pay for my subscription, but I'm a little short of money; so I send you a half dozen eggs. If you'll put 'em under a settin' hen they'll hatch out enough chickens to pay for a year's subscription. Now, this is a new way to pay debts; but, if somebody will give us a hen we'll try the experiment.—Smithville (Ga.) News.

No Publicity Wanted. "So there was a row at your house last night, Quigley?" "Yes, my uncle was badly hurt. But how did you hear about it? I took every precaution to have the affair kept quiet."

"What precautions did you take?" "I engaged several detectives to work on the case."—Lincoln Journal.

Had Enough to Last. "I-I say, Miss Muscicle, won't you favour me with a little song?" "Certainly, Mr. Bajorre, and what shall it be?"

"Why I think I should enjoy that one about returning the wabbit."

(Thoughtfully.) "Returning the rabbit?" "Yes, you know (humming). 'Return my wabbit again, again.'"

"Oh, I think you mean 'Bring Back My Bonnie to Me.'"

"Yes, that's it, Miss Muscicle. 'Bring back my bunny to me.'—Tuna.

Cause for Regret. It makes a man almost sorry that he moved when he reads in the advertisement in the paper next day the real estate agent's description of the advantages of the residence he has just given up.—Journal of Education.

Inherited. "How fond Charlie Roberts is of his father! He fairly worships him." "Yes; he takes after his father in that respect."—Harper's Bazar.

Not Wholly a Superstition. Mrs. Simmes:—Before going for your trunk, Mr. Newbater, you might as well sit down to dinner. I will have an extra plate put on. Of course, I did not expect you today.

Mr. Newbater:—How many boards have you, Mrs. Simmes?

"Twelve. You'll make the thirteenth." "Thirteen at table, I will wait until supper time. I fear if the thirteenth of us sat down to table one of us would die. You have only arranged for twelve, you say?"

"Why? What would the thirteenth die of?"

"Starvation."—Philadelphia Record.

A LEGAL LOVER.

Outside the window they could see the snow upon the winter tree, whose twigs once trembled with the glee of summer's swallows.

They sought a moment's brief respite Out of the whirl and where A trill to drown the final tones That died the yello.

And there in happiness alone They sat until the flute had blown A trill to drown the final tones That died the yello.

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She Missed Her Chance.

"Dear! dear!" he said as he laid down his paper and looked around the car, "but a hundred million dollars is too much for any one man to have."

"Who's got it?" asked the man on his right.

"Jay Gould."

Then, for a moment, everybody was silent. An old woman with a bundle on the opposite seat began to move about uneasily, something like a bluish came to her cheeks, and she finally leaned forward and hoarsely whispered:

"And he isn't a forward, is he?" Everybody laughed, and she got huffy and left the car at the next crossing. Luck always runs against some people.—Detroit Free Press.

Not So Favorable. Deacon Williams—Brudger Jones, how did your son come outen de trial?

Brother Jones—De judge done give 'im two mumps in de jail.

Deacon Williams—Pears ter me like as if you oughter be powful thankful. He got off mighty light. I warn't a' light 'y' see'em ter think. Day's a-gwin'er hang 'im when de two mumps is in—Harper's Magazine.

Why She Remained at Home. Mrs. Richesse—Are you going to Europe this summer, Mrs. Bullion?

Mrs. Bullion—No, indeed; I can't afford it. Besides, my cook is going.—Time.

Always Room for One More. In ancient Mexico time There dwelt, some time ago, A person whom I know, Called in this way: "Señor Don Rodrigo Jose del Arroyo Hermano Toboago."

Likewise "el Rey." When we got through with it, If folks or wise of wit, Not one in ten could hit What it all meant.

Not one in twenty could Pronounce it as he should. If one had time, he would Think it mispent.

So when we spoke this man, This tried Mexican, All names we couldn't spell, Just called him "Pete."

He, with his wealth of name, Took this one, just the same, And thus his card became After this date: "Señor Don Rodrigo Jose del Arroyo Hermano Toboago El Rey y Pete."

—W. C. Edgar in Harper's Magazine.

Nothing to Fear. She (in great agitation)—Oh, George, I hear papa at the front gate, and he is very apt to be impulsive when he comes home late.

He (reassuringly)—Calm your fears, dear. I'm in the cool business, you know, and he has owed the firm money for coal for over nine months.—New York Sun.

No Chance for Charity. Mendicant—Please, sir, give me enough money to get a meal!

Citizen—I can't do it, my poor friend. By some use of clothes, with your visit, and nothing less than 50 cents in my pocket. Awfully sorry for you.—Burlington Free Press.

A Serious Quarrel. "Are you a ball player yourself, George?" she asked at the Polo grounds.

He smiled a sweet, superior smile. "I can give those New Yorkers points on the game," he said.

Then a foul tip came from Johnny Ward's bat and George, the expert, fell over two rows of seats trying to get out of the way.—Time.

Might Overeat His Brain. Mr. Isaacstein (to school teacher)—How can